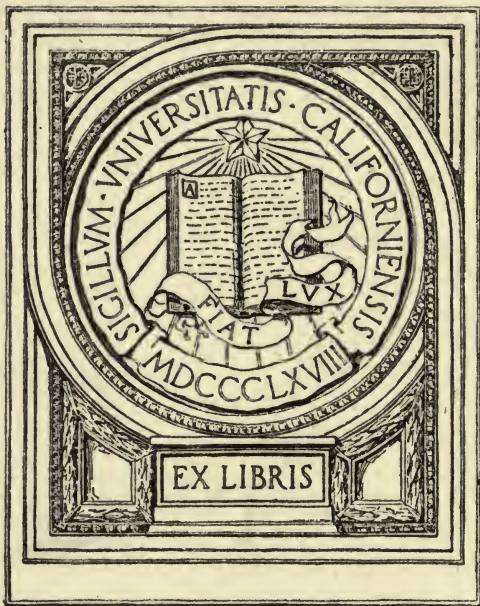


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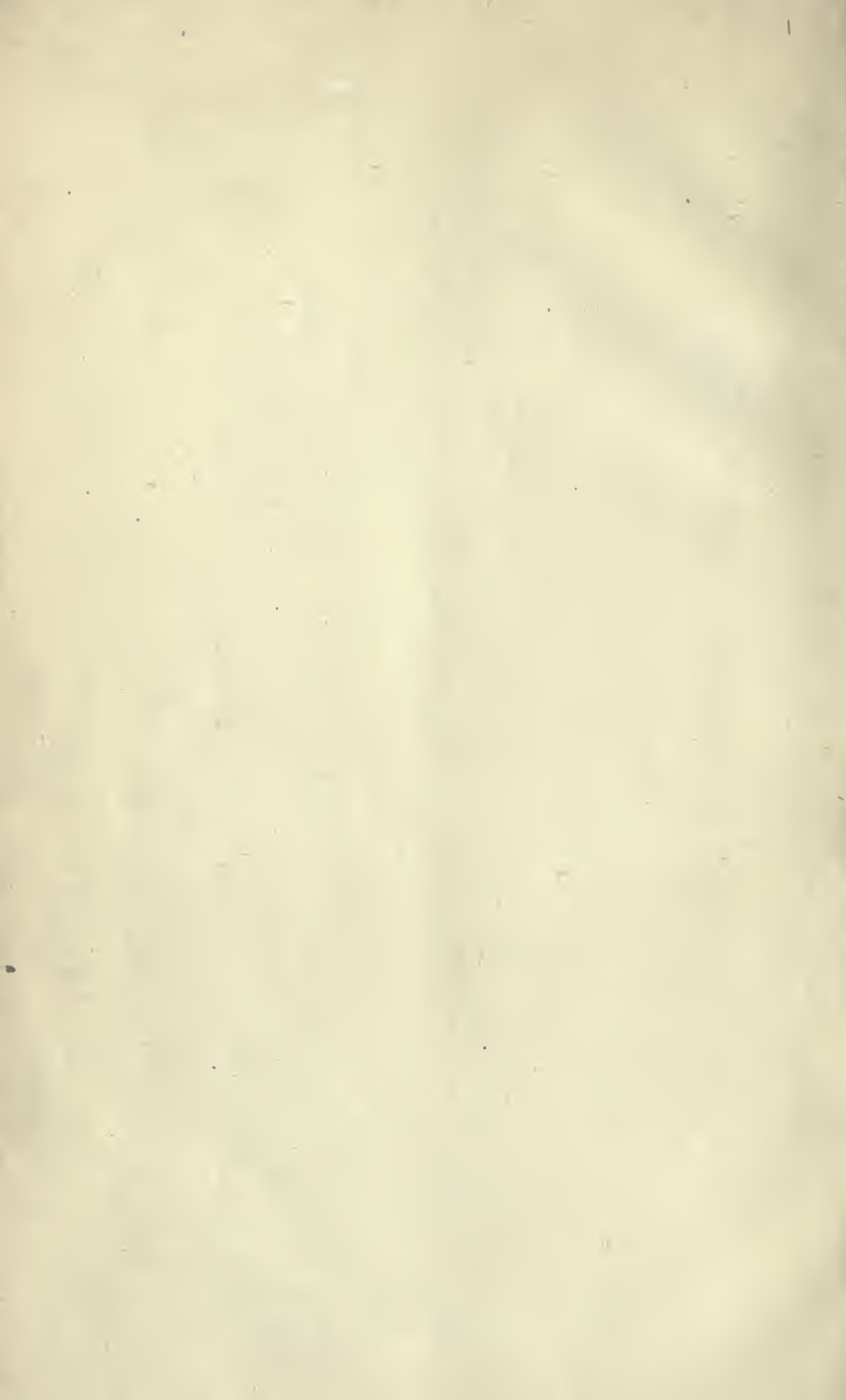
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HOLY AMERICA.

CHARACTERS.

Mrs. DUSENBURY, keeper of boarding house.	ASHLYNE, teacher and offensive partisan.
URIEL, son of Mrs. Dusenbury.	MISS CRUMMELL.
MOSES TOBEY, Whig boarder.	EMILINE, cook, etc.
ROSCOMB.	MISS MARY GRAY, (later Mrs. Broadarm.)
BEN WHEELER, War Democrat.	ELIZABETH BOWEN.
DORRWELL } AND } BARWELL, } Traveling agents.	W. BRILLS.
J. H. BROADARM.	Mr. and Mrs. EDWARDS.
	AL. RANDER.

Time covered—about 1855 to 1900.

Dining room; parlor adjoining.

[Enter the two travelers.]

DORRWELL. Well, Barwell, this is the finest place we've struck yet. Our landlady don't seem to be after the general type of boarding-house keepers. She seems to be more like a lady who has seen better days, and who is now taking boarders to eke out a living. Did you ever see such a boarding house?—more like one large harmonious family, and yet they differ. There is Mr. Tobey, a hot Whig; a man well informed, and enthusiastic, yet a gentleman. There is his opposite—Wheeler—a most enthusiastic “dyed-in-the-wool” Democrat; yet the two get along well together for the simple reason they are both gentlemen. Tobey pushes him pretty hard sometimes, but he takes it all in good part, and fires back in his quiet way. But the old lady, Miss Bowen, they call her, did you ever see such a character? Suppose she was put on the stage! The general verdict, I think, would be “made up;” yet here we see her “the size of life and twice as natural.”

BARWELL. Wonder how she came to wear that turban? She seems like a mere skeleton, yet how she can talk! And she talks like a well-informed politician, too. Now, there is something in the

woman, our landlady, who can run such a house; such characters, all. That deaf and dumb maid is a character. Deaf and dumb, yet see how nicely she waits on the table—quick, and always on the alert. If you want anything all you have to do is to stamp your foot on the floor a little; she catches the vibration, and at once surveys the table, and then you motion to her. She comprehends quickly.

[Others enter—URIEL among them.]

TOBEY. Uriel, how do you do! You always seem to be around.

URIEL. Yes, at supper time. I like to be 'round then best and hear the talk. I have more leisure then. In the morning I have to assist about the kitchen, helping serve, go to the store; then at noon—dinner—you are all too busy, but at supper you have plenty of time.

TOBEY. That's so. You may not realize it now, but later on in life you will realize that this was a good school for you.

BROADARM. Mr. Rander, did you go and see the "Mermaids" last night?

RANDER. I did; and you ought to go and see that play. It was the finest thing I ever saw.

ROSECOMB. That's what you said about the play last week—the "Sea of Ice."

RANDER. Well, the "Sea of Ice" was a fine play, but it can't quite come up to the "Mermaids." That is the finest play I ever saw.

BROADARM (aside). I suppose next week Rander will see another play, and that will be the finest thing he ever saw.

[Singing in the parlor.]

NEW ENGLAND, MY COUNTRY.

The hills of New England, how proudly they rise,
In the wildness of grandeur, to blend with the skies;
With their far azure outline, and tall, ancient trees,
New England, my country, I love thee for these.

The vales of New England, that cradle her streams,
That smile in their greenness like land in our dreams;
All sunny with pleasure, embos'm'd in ease,
New England, my country, I love thee for these.

The woods of New England, still verdant and high,
Though rocked by the tempest of ages gone by;
Romance dims their arches, and speaks of the breeze,
New England, my country, I love thee for these.

The streams of New England, that roar as they go,
Or seem in their stillness but dreaming to flow;
O, bright glides the sunbeam Their march to the seas,
New England, my country, I love thee for these.

GOD SPEED THE RIGHT.

Now to heaven our prayer ascending,
 God speed the right!
 In a noble cause contending,
 God speed the right!
 Be our zeal in heaven recorded,
 With success on earth rewarded,
 God speed the right! God speed the right!

Be that prayer again repeated,
 God speed the right!
 Ne'er despairing, though defeated,
 God speed the right!
 Like the good and great in story,
 If we fail, we fail with glory,
 God speed the right! God speed the right!

Patient, firm, and persevering,
 God speed the right!
 Ne'er th' event nor danger fearing,
 God speed the right!
 Pains, nor toils, nor trials heeding,
 And in heaven's time succeeding,
 God speed the right! God speed the right!

Still our onward course pursuing,
 God speed the right!
 Every foe at length subduing,
 God speed the right!
 Truth our cause, what'er delay it,
 There's no power on earth can stay it,
 God speed the right! God speed the right!

ALL. God speed the right!

WHEELER. I suppose you'll all go to hear Senator McDuffy—the grand old Democrat?

Miss BOWEN. Go and hear such a man! I don't go out to any meetings; but to go to hear such a man is time wasted. I wish I was a man; I'd like to take the stump against him. I read his speeches in the papers. All trash, trash, trash—all trash. How an intelligent man can go before the country and advocate free trade and friendliness towards the slave power, I can't see.

ASHLYNE. Free trade is a grand and proper thing for a free country—we would have all free.

TOBEY. All but the niggers. You seem to want to hold them in bondage—to stop there.

WHEELER. I heard a good sermon last Sunday. While the parson did not talk much politics, he evidently could not be deaf to the excitement of this campaign. He advocated non-interference in our neighbor's field. His text was, "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's."

Miss BOWEN. How did he twist that text 'round so as to sustain slavery—the only dark curse upon our escutcheon?

WHEELER. He argued from the Bible that slavery was a divine institution. Our forefathers made a covenant with the people of the Southern States. That slavery was really a great blessing to the blacks. They were brought from the darkness of Africa to a Christian country, where they became Christians. They were in darkness—now they are in light. So that they have really, by the dispensation of Providence, come to a Christian country, where there is some hope for their souls.

MISS BOWEN. If that is the way your minister talked, they don't all talk that way; for we know that the question of Slavery *vs.* Freedom has been discussed in many of our pulpits, and slavery has been condemned. When our forefathers made the covenant with the slave power, it was simply a necessity. It was "Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish." We were then in no condition to help ourselves. As a people we were weak—politically so. We simply must compromise; and at that time it was thought that slavery, ere many years, would die out, through emancipation, or by some process, we hardly knew what. But as soon as those interested in slave property saw the possibilities of increasing the value of that property, they used every means to extend its power and influence.

WHEELER. Didn't the men of the North, as well as the men of the South, engage in the slave traffic?

MISS BOWEN. It is a question to which a direct answer cannot be made. As the case stands to-day, the people of the South are for slavery, while the people of the North are against it. There are individuals in the South strongly against it. There are Quakers, I understand, in North Carolina who are bitterly opposed to it; while in the North there are men—individuals—interested in the vile traffic for base, personal interests.

WHEELER. Yes, I was to-day in the boat-house, by the wharf, and there I saw a very queer boat being built, and knowing ones would come in and say, "She's built to carry niggers in," and this boat is building for Messrs. Garnett & Co., who run fast vessels to Africa and back. Their voyages are from two to three years. The vessels of this firm go from here laden with rum, calico and powder, and return with spices and African fruits. The knowing ones pretty broadly hinted that Messrs. Garnett & Co. were in the slave business.

TOBEY. That may be; but where is the demand? But for the demand these unprincipled men would not invest their money in such business. Then, from the very nature of the case, the people of the South have no commerce—none to speak of, so it is very natural that this carrying business should come to the North; but even that does not inculcate the people of the North.

MISS BOWEN. In the South they are all of one mind on this subject, and more and more it is becoming dangerous for individuals to speak against this horrible crime; while in the North there is more

freedom. Why, the very Senators from the South come to Faneuil Hall, Boston, to speak in favor of slavery, and our politicians—too many of them—are trying to preach just like Mr. Wheeler's parson last Sunday—"Render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's." Even Senator Toombs has told us that he would call the roll of his slaves at the foot of Bunker Hill.

TOBEY. He may, but I for one do not have much faith in him as a prophet. Bunker Hill stands for freedom; it was defended against much odds—against a tyrant; and I don't believe that the sober judgment of the people—the true loyal sons of Holy America—will ever let the holy ground be defamed by such an act. But the cause of slavery has grown. It was first a little cloud; now it is a mighty cloud that threatens to more and more cover the land. Just see the skirmishing that they have had on the prairies of Kansas—a skirmish that I fear shall lead up to a real battle—a series of battles.

WHEELER. O, friend Tobey, you take it too much to heart. Those men at the South don't mean more than one-half they say. They are hot-headed, you know. They have been talking war for some time; and they even go so far as to say that one Southern man, in a fight, is equal to five Northern men, and they seem to have imagination enough to believe it. But a beautiful spirit of compromise is coming o'er the scene, and all shall go well for our whole country. Then we shall have everything free—free, free trade, as the grand climax of the whole. "Oh, I dreamed of all things free!"

EMILINE. Yes, Mr. Wheeler, you are a dreamer. I think that you must be cousin to the woman who was left in charge of a store to attend to the trade while the captain was out. Some one came in for a pound of shot. She could not find the weight, but found a pint measure. "A pint's a pound the world 'round." So she measured out to the customer a pint of shot for a pound.

WHEELER. Where's the point that adorns the tale, Emiline?

EMILINE. You illustrate the point by having about as much sense as the woman who sold a pint of shot for a pound. If you put your faith in your notions of freedom, such as you talk here, you'll be selling shot by the measure, and when the fools learn of it, they'll patronize your shop.

ASHLYNE. The greatest thinkers of the age have given much thought to this subject. While in the abstract they admit that slavery is wrong, from an ethological point of view they claim that in the concrete it is right.

EMILINE. Concrete? What's that? Some kind Masonry?

ROSECOMB. That's all right; don't interrupt; we understand the gentleman.

EMILINE. Well, I don't. I want him to talk in plain words.

ASHLYNE (not noticing interruption). There are many things that seem wrong, especially to the untutored mind. As the mind

expands and grows, why, the youth begins to see things differently; from the ideal he comes down, or rather grows up, towards and grasps the practical. From the higher law of ethics slavery becomes a blessing to the world—the strong to care for the weak.

TOBEY. How would you like to be one of the weak, and to be treated as the weak are, with no rights that the stronger are bound to respect?

ASHLYNE. O, I see, you are quoting Taney. The man in the lower plane cannot be expected to understand the higher principles that run through the body politic. There is free trade. We want trade to be free and unrestricted, and that will in the long run so adjust things that all shall be the better for it. You obstruct. Would you obstruct the river that is rushing towards the ocean? Your protection scheme is an obstruction.

TOBEY. Your argument against a police force would be just as forcible. You do not want any obstruction. You would have people free—free to—

ASHLYNE. Yes—free, free, along all lines. No army, no police; and in the future the world will look back on us as barbarians—ignoramuses—who had not yet reached the age of majority.

TOBEY. That may all be, but because in some remote future we may not require certain things, it is no argument against the necessity of those things in the present. We need an army, as at present we need a police force. We need protection to our industries.

ASHLYNE. Protection! We are a nation of men—I might say giants. Like babies, men cry out for protection! No, let the trade of the world go as it will; it will protect itself. As for the army—the millions that we spend upon the army might be more profitably expended upon schools, gardens, etc.

WHEELER. Amen! That is good, sound Democratic doctrine.

MISS BOWEN. That shows me that Mr. Ashlyne is far from comprehending the subject. He has about as good a grasp of the subject as Emiline's woman had about business affairs—because a pint of something may sometimes be a pound, therefore all things should be measured by that standard. It is queer to hear men claiming protection for such an institution as slavery, and denying it to the labor of freemen.

MR. BRILLS. I have not so far had much to say, but I wish to endorse what Mr. Ashlyne has said. The intelligent men of the country—the scholars—are with him.

ASHLYNE. Allow me to correct you, Mr. Brills. Say that I am with the intelligent scholars—a humble disciple, a follower.

TOBEY. Yes, a follower of all that is bad—a follower of a path that leads to darkness and destruction.

BROADARM. Like Mr. Brills, I do not say much, but I'd like to put myself on record as endorsing our friend Tobey here. They say

that protection is expensive. That depends on how you look at the subject. From some points of view even the subject of slavery would seem to be quite a blessing; but the trouble with slavery is that the pro-slavery party will not let it rest at the point where they claim that it is a blessing. Having reached a certain point, they are not satisfied; as their selfish interests impel, they want to push it a little further and further in another direction, until they reach a point where what little virtue they claim for it is lost in the mass of selfishness and inhumanity. The people of the North are on the right track. They may have some uphill work, but Senator Toombs shall never call his roll—his roll of slaves—at the foot of Bunker Hill.

WHEELER. No one believes that he means that; it was only one of his eloquent ebullitions.

TOBEY. I suppose you have heard the expression, "Where there is so much smoke there must be some fire"?

BROADARM. To come back to my line of thought, incidentally I spoke of slavery. Along the same line I wish to say a word as to the Expense vs. Economy of Protection. General Bundy, in his speech the other day in the House, made a good point as to the economy of protection. A few years ago, he said, his wife wanted a stove, and such a stove as she wanted must be imported; and he had to sell four cows in order to buy one stove. When the tariff was well established he said that he could purchase four stoves for the price of one cow.

MISS BOWEN. Yes, protection is the good old Whig idea; and had we followed it we would not have found ourselves in the predicament we have experienced the past years. And yet the strength of the party that so vigorously opposes all that makes America a holy nation, a refuge for the poor and oppressed, where they can build up an ideal home, such as they never before thought of as a possibility—the strength of the anti-protection party comes from these very people, who came here to escape oppression in their own country. Yet no sooner do they land on this free soil, then they go right to work to forge chains for themselves here—just like what they had in the old country from whence they came.

EMILINE. Just like them low-down folks; they don't know any better. I've been among them. Some fellow comes 'round—tells them that the employer is making all the money—they are not making anything—things are so high—if we only had free trade things would be much cheaper.

TOBEY. They don't seem to see or to understand anything beyond the price at which they can buy an article, and their ability to buy.

MISS BOWEN. A man better have the money to buy things that are more expensive. As a mere matter of arithmetic, it would seem that it was better to have shoes, for example, \$2 per pair, and have \$5 in the pocket with which to purchase, than to have the shoes

sell for \$1, and have only \$1, or even less, with which to buy them. Then as we build up protection we are creating more employment for the willing worker, and by and by we shall have the advantage of ample means with which to supply our wants.

ASHLYNE (injecting). Yes, and their wants will go on so increasing that in the end there will be no gain.

Miss BOWEN (continuing). And through this agency the influence of America shall extend all over the world—an influence that shall be for good—for the good of all.

TOBEY. Right here is another idea I want to inject into this conversation. The foreign manufacturer is loud for free trade. As an inducement he has put down the price of his goods to the lowest point; but as soon as he has secured the market and cut off opposition, he has not been backward in raising his prices to the maximum. So with his system the laboring man will get small wages, and have to pay dear for the necessities of life, the mere necessities; there will be no luxuries, as in the protection scheme.

DORRWELL. I fell in with a unique gentleman of color to-day. He is a genuine African, a regular plantation darkey. They say the darkies are natural-born musicians; I don't suppose he ranks very high as a musician, but he's a character. He enjoys the wonderful name of Valorious Glorious George Washington Peakstant. Now, if you take interest in music of the plantation kind, I will bring Valorious Glorious 'round, and he will give us some of his songs. I don't suppose they'll be classical, but from Valorious Glorious we'll get a good conception of the music they have down on the plantation.

EMILINE. Is he a real plantation nigger, or is he one of those burnt-cork chaps?

DORRWELL. He is evidently a pure-blooded African. Where he hails from I don't know, but I fell in with him to-day up street, in the new German beer saloon, so engaged him to come around to-night. If you feel like it, chip in ten cents or a quarter apiece. You will get your money's worth. "Valorious Glorious George Washington Peckstant." Don't forget his name. In his songs he is working for our American ideal every time. He is more of a philosopher than would at first seem.

SCENE II. *Same room—some changes. Music—Singing and accordion by Valorious.*

BARWELL. Ladies and gentlemen, I rise not to waste the night in words, but to briefly introduce to you the honorable gentleman, Valorious Glorious George Washington Peckstant, from the Land of Cotton. You will find him a fine sample of the gentlemen of color.

VALORIOUS. Ladies and gentlemen, I's hab no words to waste on dis occasion. I's from Africa, by de way of de South. I's not de brother of de King; I's de King himself. I was the King of Bam-

shantee. De white folks invited me to visit dis country. Dey gave me a free passage; I come; I's landed in de State of Alabama. After sojourning dar some years, I took de underground railroad for Canada, and dar I's rusticated. After a while I wondered down har, and har I is. Der other night a gentmon paid me a great compliment. He invited me to take de fúst train to dat warm country so often referred to—down dar! But I 'marked to him dat I had only one objection to visiting dat country—I was mighty 'ferd dat I'd meet him dar. Whar he is just now, I don't know, but I's har. When a man's in great tribulation it is most comforting to him to sing, so I sings most ob de time. My repertoire is so tremudus I hardly knows what to sing.

[Sings snatches of songs:]

Oh, poor Miss Lucy Neal,
Oh, poor Miss Lucy Neal,
If I had her by my side,
How happy I should feel.

ROSECOMB. Do you know Kitty Wells?

VALORIOUS. Oh, yes, I know Kitty. Kitty was my—my—affiance; and de poet come round and just wrote us up.

You ask what makes this darkey weep,
While he like others am not gay,
What makes de tears flow down his cheek
From early morn till close of day.
My story, darkies, you shall hear,
For in my memory fresh it dwells,
'Twill cause you all to drop a tear
O'er the grave of my Kitty Wells.

Chorus.—While the birds were singing in the morning,
And de myrtle and de ivy were in bloom,
And de sun o'er der hill were adorning,
'Twas there we laid her in the tomb.

I never shall forget the day
That we together roamed the dells,
I kissed her cheek, and named the day
When I shall marry Kitty Wells.
But death came to our cabin door,
And took from me my joy and pride,
And when I found she was no more
Then I laid my banjo down and cried.

Chorus.—While the birds were singing, &c.

I often wish that I was dead,
And laid beside her in the tomb.
The sorrow that bows down my head,
I's silent in the midnight gloom.
The spring time hath no charm for me,
Though the flowers were blooming in the dells,
For that bright form I do not see,
'Tis the form of my sweet Kitty Wells.

Chorus.—While the birds were singing, &c.

MISS GRAY. By the papers the South seems determined on war, By sheer political trickery they are rushing the States out of the Union, or have already done so. So far as they are concerned, the Union is no more.

TOBEY. The Union lives in spite of them. In the end they will see the folly of this act. Slavery made them an agricultural people; and as they were not interested in manufactures, they were indifferent as to where they got the manufactured goods; and to spite us, of late they have been more and more encouraging the foreign markets. If we would only submit to them, what a fine people we would be—to them, and to them only! Should we follow their lead, the War of the Revolution might as well never been fought. And then, according to the economic theory, we should be great gainers. The war was all a waste, we should never have had the names of the heroes of the Revolution on our rolls. A few of them—Washington, Adams, Henry, Hamilton and a few others—might have decorated some English gallows. But with their plan we would to-day only be a colonial power.

MISS GRAY. I am glad to hear you speak thus. I was nothing but a poor country girl before I came to the city; and while, from history, I knew of the Revolution, your words, Mr. Tobey, have put the subject on a higher basis. I now realize what the Revolution of 1776 means and stands for. I was reading an old copy of *The Federalist* the other day—one Mr. Edwards picked up at an old second-hand book store—and his wife loaned it to me. It seems that Washington, Hamilton and Henry feared just what is now coming to pass.

[URIEL enters.]

URIEL. Things pretty lively up street. Great news! The citizens of South Carolina have inaugurated open war! They have fired upon Fort Sumpter!

MISS BOWEN. You don't say! Have those wicked men gone so far as that?

URIEL. Yes; here is the paper.

MISS GRAY. They have had a deal to say about the women of the South; we don't ignore or depreciate them as a factor in the case; they ignore us women of the North; in fact, they don't seem to have much regard for the men; but they will find the women of the North loyal and staunch supporters of the men. As in the Revolution, the women will do their share.

TOBEY. Allow me to correct you. The women will be found to be co-laborers with the men.

MISS GRAY. Yes, we shall not be found wanting—even to acting the part of Florence Nightingale in the Crimean War. We have even a higher incentive—that is, our cause is higher, grander. The North-

ern women have not paraded their ability to do, nor have they boasted as to devotion, to all that has made Holy America; but if this act at Charleston means war, the American women shall not be found wanting.

URIEL. Mr. Lithcomb, my fellow-student at the office, is most enthusiastic. He has resigned his position, and is off for the war tomorrow, or as soon as he can get there.

WHEELER. As you all know, I am a Democrat, was brought up that way; my father was a Democrat before me; I have believed in all that has been preached and taught by the Democratic party;—but these hot-headed men of the South have gone too far. While I am a Democrat, I am first a lover of the Union. So from this time on you will find me on the Union side. My politics shall play no part in the case. With Webster I say, “Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable.”

[Chorus from the parlor: “Good!—Good!—G-o-o-d!—Good!—
Good for the Democrat!”]

[Music:]

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the Pilgrims' pride,
From ev'ry mountain side
Let freedom ring.

ASHLYNE. This is all wrong.

TOBEY. What is wrong?

ASHLYNE. All the talk we see in the papers and hear at the shops about coercing the South. They are a valiant set of people. They have endured wrongs—oppression of all kinds—for years. See how the Abolitionists have thrown firebrands into their peaceful settlements. We have no right to interfere with their private affairs. If they want slavery and free trade, let them have it. It is no business of ours. If they want the trade of the world to flow in untrammelled channels, why, in that respect, they are far ahead of us.

TOBEY. You really add nothing, no new thought; it is the old thought and act—same as we have heard these many years.

ASHLYNE. We might say the same about the people of the North, or, better, the ideal of the North.

MISS BOWEN. Solomon, you know, says that there is nothing new under the sun. There may be new details, but the same old woof runs through the whole; the same spirit of disunion then as now. So Solomon's empire was soon broken up, and the forces scattered. How much better it would have been for them and the world could they have remained united!

ASHLYNE. Or the union party had been strong enough to overpower the disunion party. But they were not, and so it will be with this contest here in America.

TOBEY. How men do like to bring in the Bible to support their views! There is no parallel between the two. There was less affinity between parts in all of the ancient nations. The spirit of this slaveholder class would put us back two thousand years. They would have us like old Greece. Their idea leads to disruption—ours to a happy consolidation. Not a consolidation for oppression, but for a greater liberty—to make America worthy of that name, “Holy America.” Not a country for a class, but a country for all.

* * * * * *

BARWELL. The extras are out again. Bad news for the Union side. We seem to be beaten all along the lines. There was Sumpter and Bull Run. Now the retreat from the Peninsula, and the disastrous second Bull Run. Lincoln, it seems, is to issue a proclamation of emancipation. He has been importuned to do so, not only as a war measure, but as a moral force against slavery. It seems, however, that Secretary Seward prevailed upon him to wait until the Union arms had a victory, and the victory has come at Antietam.

ASHLYNE. That is a cowardly and unjust measure; it will do us no good.

EMILINE. No good, you say? He ought to have done it long ago. None will be so disappointed at his act as many of those who have called themselves Abolitionists. They do not want the cause of Abolition to succeed; too many of them only wanted something with which to find fault.

BARWELL. You don't mean to say that the Abolitionists don't want freedom?

EMILINE. I did not say so. I said some of them who have talked so loudly and condemned us as a people, because we sanctioned slavery; and mark my words, they will lose interest. Some of them—and too many of them—are right down hypocrites.

ASHLYNE. They have too much sense to wish such a thing. They have only pointed out the hypocrisy of the thing. They are not hypocrites. They simply realize the hypocrisy of the nation pretending to have some impractical ideas of freedom.

TOBEY. That is a queer position. But, Emiline, as I understand her, does not complain of the cause, but only of a class who delight in finding fault with us as a nation; and to remove the cause, instead of making them happy, only provokes them, because their thunder has been put aside by the wise and judicious act of Lincoln, supplemented practically by Seward. We are at last on the right track, and I begin to see our way clear.

ASHLYNE. How about those riots in New York? They show where the people stand. This negro worship won't stand the test of time. The South will win yet, and then all this talk and these proclamations will come to naught. You can't overcome such a people by proclamations.

TOBEY. We propose to keep up the fight—our cause is a holy one. Let me read to you a little poem that I cut from a paper the other day.

A PRAYER FOR THE UNION.

BY MRS. J. H. HANAFORD.

"Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable."
—DANIEL WEBSTER.

In this dark hour of national dismay,
Oh God of Liberty! Thy power display!
Thy hand in safety led thine ancient band,
Through paths of danger to their Promised Land;
Thine arm defended those who bravely bore
The rights of freedom to this Western shore,
Who dared the whelming wave and tempest's shock,
To plant a freeman's foot on Plymouth Rock;
And when oppression from old England came,
And brightly blazed anew the holy flame
Of Liberty—each noble heart the shrine—
Thou led'st them on to victory, Power Divine!
God guided pens that wrote the nation's will,
God led the hosts that fought on Bunker's Hill;
So, Lord, now treason in our land is rife,
Appear for our deliv'rance, end the strife,
And let the "ides of March," in sixty-one,
See Lincoln prove a second Washington,
Through Thee our nation saving from a fall,
The wild waves quelling ere they whelm us all,
Till over our broad land, from shore to shore,
Blend Liberty and Union evermore.

Beverly, Mass.

DORRWELL. So Uriel has enlisted, and gone to the front; and to-day I learned that that fellow-student of his, who was so anxious to go to war, his enthusiasm has burned out, and he has now opened an office on his own account—and seems doing well. To think of such a delicate young man as Uriel at the very front acting the part of a common soldier.

* * * * *

Miss GRAY. My brother, who is in the same division, writes me that Uriel is in the hospital seriously ill with "camp fever." What a contrast between these two young men! Only two years ago working side by side in the same business. One still at home, flourishing in business; the other, and the more delicate one, now at a field hospital so severely ill that he is not expected to live. Well,

the war is developing some peculiar traits of human nature; and this other man was a loud-talking Abolitionist, while no one ever heard of Uriel saying much on the subject, beyond in his quiet way denouncing the great wrong of slavery.

ASHLYNE. I guess Uriel had better have stayed at home, as did the other man. The other man had more sense.

MISS BOWEN. It seems strange to hear an American citizen talk thus. I don't believe that the people of the South would, at such a time, tolerate a man within their ranks to speak thus of their side.

ASHLYNE. Of course not. We are invaders, We have attacked them and all that they hold dear—right in their very homes. I am thankful that there's enough manhood at the North to prove the courage to speak right out at such times.

TOBEY. We allow much more liberty here at the North. We have not only an enemy in front, but we have one in the rear. But we shall come out all right in the end.

ASHLYNE. In the end? But we have not yet reached that point, and the end may surprise you. Just see what the South is doing on the oceans of the world! She is making a rich harvest there. Our war vessels are not smart enough for them.

TOBEY. It much depends upon what is recognized as smartness. I cannot see anything very grand in these cruisers attacking unarmed vessels. Why, in 1776 and in 1812, our privateers did not occupy all their time in attacking the merchant marine of the enemy; they even sought battle with the enemy's vessels of war. They did not sneak out from some neutral port, attack unarmed vessels, then sneak back under the protection of the neutral power. What brave men these men of the South are on the water (!)

* * * * *

DORRWELL. Another extra out! All about Lee in Pennsylvania, carrying all before him!

ASHLYNE. Yes, he is carrying war into Africa. 'Very soon we shall hear that he has taken Washington.

* * * * *

TOBEY. Later news; best we've had of late! "Lee defeated at Gettysburg! The greatest battle of the war—one of the greatest of the world! Lee defeated and in rapid retreat!"

ASHLYNE. He'll come out all right yet. He is the greatest general of the age.

TOBEY. Nonsense. Had he the opposition with which to contend that our generals have had, he would not show up to such advantage as appears at present.

ASHLYNE. The great general shows his prowess by contending

against greater numbers. The forces of the South are not to be compared in numbers with the Union army.

ROSECOMB. Let me say a word right here. I don't believe in this disparity of numbers. Our army is relatively greater on paper; theirs relatively greater in the field. Our enlisted men have not only to fight, but to attend to all the duties pertaining to the field and the camp. The South have their slave labor, which they have used, where we use enlisted men. This slave labor does not count in their force; while all of our camp-followers count in our force—on paper, and on paper only. Just think of the lines of communication that we have to sustain! Then our force is all the while changing—re-enlistments of a great variety. To say the least, there is nothing fair nor honest in this misrepresentation of the forces now in the field. Wonder how much progress they would have made had they attempted to carry on the war in Northern territory? There is, however, no use in attempting to get them to see these facts in their true light, for that they will not do.

WHEELER. The young folks in the parlor have the singing fever on again. We, even now, as the old woman used to say, can hardly hear ourselves think.

[MUSIC:]

God bless our native land,
Firm may she ever stand,
Through storm and night.
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of wind and wave.
Do Thou our country save
By Thy great might.

For her our prayers shall rise
To God above the skies,
On Him we wait.
Thou who art ever nigh,
Guarding with watchful eye,
To Thee aloud we cry,
God save the State!

TOBEY. Yes, God shall save the State. The Union shall survive the tempest; and all the world shall bless her—for her influence is blessed. As Uriel would say, the American idea, like a mighty river, shall flow out from its source, gather strength and volume as it goes; and its influence shall be felt “from the flood unto the world's end.” Holy America is not a misnomer nor an idle dream, but a reality that shall overcome the sordid powers of the world.

ASHLYNE. That is certainly a dream, and all a dream. America has much to learn from the world, and she had better let this stream flow in upon herself, for she needs it. For one I am disgusted with this American conceit.

MISS BOWEN. Call it conceit, Mr. Ashlyne, if you will. In the

words of Judge Story, "I read in the destiny of my country far brighter hopes, far brighter visions" than such American citizen as see only such dark pictures of our life as a nation. Yet these same American citizens seem content to live here. They enjoy all the benefits, and contribute nothing to the lofty ideal that has made our country what it is. We shall win in spite of such persons as claim citizenship upon the soil of this grand country. We are now passing under a cloud—a cloud not of our making. But when this cloud has passed away, the light that shall follow, all shall enjoy, even those who now seem so much to enjoy the discomforture of the nation.

TOBEY. The salvation and redemption of the world is now at stake, in this grand Union cause, for which our brave men at the front are fighting—for truth and humanity. The intellectual culture of the world, along all lines, is even secondary to this. This lost, all is lost. Without the protecting hand of these forces at the front, our free institutions would soon come to a most inglorious end, and we should again enter a dark medieval disk. Few, even among the more intelligent, seem to realize how much depends upon the triumph of our Union cause; and that this triumph is to come only through the noble efforts of our heroic young men, now at the front.

[MUSIC:]

When shall the nations all be free,
 And Force no longer reign,
 None bend to brutal Power the knee,
 None hug the gilded chain?
 No longer rule the ancient wrong,
 The weak be trampled by the strong?
 How long, dear God in Heaven! how long?
 The People wail in vain.

Do not archangels on their thrones
 Turn piteous looks to Thee,
 When round them flock the prayers and groans
 Of those who would be free?
 Of those who knew they have the right
 To Freedom, though crushed down by might,
 As all the world has to the light
 And air which Thou mad'st free.

The ancient empires, staggering, drift
 Along Time's mighty tide,
 Whose waters, running broad and swift,
 Eternity divide.
 How many years shall pass before,
 Over their bones, the sea shall roar,
 The salt sand drift, the fresh rain pour,
 The stars mark fallen Pride?

The issues are with God;—to do,
 Of right, belongs to us,
 May we be ever just and true,
 For nations flourish thus.
 Justice is mightier than ships,
 Right, than the cannon's brazen lips,
 And Truth, averting dark eclipse,
 Makes fortunes prosperous.

* * * * *

[Thirty-five years after.]

DORRWELL. Well, it is now a long time since the war, and few of the old boarders, I suppose, are living. Being in town again, I could not refrain from visiting the old house. The spirit impelled me to call, and to my pleasure and surprise I find you here. I saw "Broadarm" on the door—the name was familiar—so I ventured to ring the bell, and who should answer the ring but you!

MRS. BROADARM. Yes, it is I. I was, as you may remember, Mary Gray. I am now Mrs. Broadarm, living at the same old house where Mrs. Dusenbury kept boarders.

DORRWELL. Does the ghost of Ashlyne ever haunt you?

MRS. BROADARM. No, we don't dwell on him much; but we often think of those past years, and of the people gathered in this room.

DORRWELL. Since then America has made vast strides. Her influence is more and more felt among the nations of the world. I often think of Moses Tobey, and of that remarkable woman, Elizabeth Bowen—and of Wheeler, too. He was a Democrat, but he was a staunch Union man, and when it came to the test of strength of Disunion *vs.* Union, he did not hesitate; but that other man, Ashlyne, what a citizen he was! Wonder what has become of him?

MRS. BROADARM. I saw a paper of his only a short time ago. He is the same old arrogant and bitter opponent of all that we hold good. He is a natural fault-finder—nothing good in America for him,

DORRWELL. Why don't he emigrate to some country where he can find the ideals that he so prates about?

MRS. BROADARM. O, he can't find any such place. He is content to live here, and to find fault with all that we do.

DORRWELL. What has become of Uriel?. I looked in the directory, but his name does not appear. He lived to come home, I believe.

MRS. BROADARM. Yes, and he put out his sign, and endeavored to get a living by his profession here, but it was a struggle—too much for his slender means; and he has now, for some years, been in Chicago, clerking in some large book establishment.

DORRWELL. That's a shame! You remember when the war was on, how they encouraged the young men to go to the war? Prominent and well-to-do citizens—even Judge Clemmer—all—promised to do well by them if they lived to return; and that contemptible sneak, who did not go to the war, I see is flourishing like the green bay tree.

MRS. BROADARM. That is so. I often see his sign when I go up street, and occasionally see him. He, too, is now just another Ashlyne. As one of the new arrivals in this country once said, when asked as to his politics, he was "agin the government;" and that is where Lithcomb and Ashlyne stand—ever "agin the government." They have no conceptions of a "Holy America." As our influence extends, it only seems to make them mad. Our industries that Miss Elizabeth Bowen and Moses Tobey used to talk so much about have grown—grown by means of the protection idea which Miss Bowen and Mr. Tobey upheld, and for which they pleaded. They were grand prophets. The sordid powers of Europe are trying to deluge us with their castoff lower classes.

DORRWELL. You may remember what Tobey used to say on this point. He said, you may remember, that we should exert ourselves to educate these downtrodden masses. Show them from what they come, and to what they have come. Reason with them—enlighten them. I think that the better element in them will prevail, and they may be made to see the advantages, even from a worldly point of view, of this country over that which they left. The other day, when passing through one of the lower parts of the city—the parts call the slums—I was delighted to see little sons of these low emigrant class playing with the American flag. They were marching up and down the street, playing soldier, and at the head of the column was the American flag.

MRS. BROADARM. That is certainly a good omen. I suppose if Ashlyne had seen it, it would have made him highly provoked—indeed, it would have made him right mad.

DORRWELL. Undoubtedly, but there is a spirit behind all this that they cannot control. It is in the air. By the way, there does not seem to have been much romance in these surroundings—that is, along the line of the affections.

MRS. BROADARM. You are a little off the main road there. It was present all the time. You don't seem to have seen it, but I saw it. There was so much of the stern realities of the period that it is no wonder that the affairs of the heart did not attract much attention—it was there all the while. You remember Miss Crummell, who sung so well, and Mr. Rander, I suppose?

DORRWELL. Yes, and we had some fine singing; and it was rather strange that, even before we realized war, the spirit of war had already alighted upon the music of the day. But what about Miss Crummell?

Mrs. BROADARM. Why, she and Uriel were engaged. She being quite an intellectual woman, with considerable poetry in her nature, it was quite natural that she and Uriel should come together. I was a quiet witness of all that was going on. Uriel went to the war. While, for some months, he was severely ill and in hospital—he never came home; nor was he, like others, sent to his State hospital. He just remained at the front, and when convalescent, rejoined his company directly from the general hospital. At first an intimate correspondence was kept up, but I could see Uriel was losing ground. The stay-at-home man had the advantage. As in his profession, so in his affair of the heart. By going to the war he lost both. Rander, you know, was a genial, jolly fellow, and it seems that an uncle of his died and left him considerable property. I don't know how much, but enough to set him up in the stove and furnace business all by himself; and if you will take the trouble to go to Boston you will see him well fixed; all seems well with them. I could see that Rander and Miss Crummell were growing toward each other. She was an attractive woman, and he had money; and it seems that that must have had its influence. Anyhow, while an indifferent correspondence was the while kept up with Uriel, to me it all the while looked as though it would not have made a very deep wound in her heart had Uriel been reported among the killed. How he escaped is a wonder. He was right in the worst part of the active soldier life. Yet from the time he rejoined his company late in the summer of 1863, his letters home always located him at the very front. On three occasions, at least, Uriel speaks of having seen Lincoln. First, one day, when on a "pass," he saw the President coming out of the White House; second time, April 25, 1864, when passing through Washington, with the Ninth Corps, then on its way to the front, Lincoln stood on the balcony of the Willard Hotel, while the corps was marching by; the third and last time, fall of 1864, when his company was temporarily in Washington, while on a pass, he was walking up the path towards the White House, then and there met the President, who had stopped to talk to a friend. It was a warm day, and Uriel wrote, "As I was passing the President removed his hat to wipe the perspiration from his brow; and because of this act I had a very good opportunity to see him." Uriel was with the Army of the Potomac through the trying periods of 1864, until the end; and you may remember how that army moved always by the left flank; and Uriel was in the van. His descriptions of the war incidents, battles, marches by night, and soldier life in general, were read out to us; and I shall never forget them. As a private soldier, he, of course, had no control over the affairs of battle. It would seem that he could well apply that verse of the Psalms, "O Lord God, the strength of my health; Thou hast covered my head in the day of battle;" and that of the XCI Psalm, (taking up book and handing it to Dorwell.) Read that and

see if it don't strongly apply in his case: "A thousand shall fall beside thee, and ten thousand at thy right hand; but it shall not come nigh thee." Yes, Uriel went all through with the war, from the time he enlisted (in 1862) until the very end; and the end found him at Appomattox. His description of the scenes of the 9th of April, 1865, was graphic. He survived it all; we know not how; for when he returned he was not materially changed. He was somewhat sunburnt, but when he got on his citizen's clothes, the sunburn was about all the difference you could see in him. He returned to meet with disappointment, and he seems to have had plenty of it. When he returned one would have supposed that his folks and his affianced would have been down to the boat, or along the street somewhere, to greet him. But if he expected them and looked for them, he looked in vain. I knew how things were, and I appointed myself as a committee of one to break the news to him. He remarked that for some time he had suspected that there was something wrong. The letters that he had received were not frequent, nor were they of any special interest; as he remarked, they seemed labored.

DORRWELL. So you broke the news to him? You acted well; it was a delicate thing to do, yet it was wise in you to do it. I don't suppose you indulge in music much now?

Mrs. BROADARM. A little. This house seems destined to continue its old reputation in that line; you must remember there is now a new generation on the floor. My daughters sing, and at times some of the young folks of the neighborhood come in and we have a good old-time sing. When the Spanish war was on it made me think of old times. You remember how Tobey used to speak about Cuba?

DORRWELL. Cuba, with his short *a*? Yes, I remember him. He used to say we ought to have Cuba; and he was as persistent in it as Cato was in regard to Carthage. How the American idea has flowed since then—like a mighty river, flowing on! How the nations are more and more turning their eyes towards us! They are feeling the influence that was begun here, and in which Elizabeth Bowen and Moses Tobey were so much interested. What two grand characters, veritable man and woman, such as only on this American soil you could meet! No idealists—yet their thoughts and acts highly ideal; practical, common-sense people, and the land is full of them; and these are the men and the women who make this country worthy of the name that has been applied to it—"Holy America."

Mrs. BROADARM. Yes, Mr. Dorrwel, you and I see it in this light; but such men as Ashlyne and Lithcomb *et al.*, such high lights on our canvas, make them smile—and very angry—with high contempt.

DORRWELL. Yes, they are always ready to find fault. With them everything is wrong. We, according to them, are a vain and boastful nation. As a people we have ever been ready to appreciate and

adopt whatever is good or what we have found to be good in other people. Just see the strides we have made in the last quarter of the old century. In mechanics, along the line of invention, we are supreme. In science we are not behind the best of them in the Old World. We at least hold our own there; and in art we are fast coming to the front. But in one thing we excel—Ashlyne, of course, will call it American conceit—we excel in all that pertains to the comforts and welfare of the people. In this we are in harmony with the spirit of the Psalms.

MRS. BROADARM. Let them call us conceited if they will. We excel in all that pertains to the comfort and welfare of the people. We can stand their accusation.

DORRWELL. Yes, let them; but the grandest thing of all is the American life—the spirit of freedom and good-will that here prevails. With Ashlyne and his class, we, as well as they, know that there are still great wrongs to overcome.

MRS. BROADARM. Yes, there are great wrongs; and while there are great wrongs, there are *great goods*; and we who are of the optimist nature, not only claim this, but we all the while labor to make it more and more so.

DORRWELL. While the Ashlynes-Lithcombs *et al.* combination never contribute towards advancing those lines that lead to the victory of the spiritual over the grosser elements that are all the while creeping out, they are like the snarling dog in the manger: they are never so happy as when they can point out to you some public shortcomings. As during the war for the Union, they never rejoiced over a victory for the Union arms; but if the rebs won a victory, how exultant they were! “That takes the conceit out of *us*,” and, of course, by *us* they meant the Union cause.

MRS. BROADARM. Well, our conceit won. We accept the word; not with their interpretation, but with our own; and along this same conceit we use the term “Holy America.” But, Mr. Dorrwell, do you think that the enemy will ever have the power to overthrow our work?

DORRWELL. Not by any open, straight-forward methods. If we come to grief it will be only by the now well-known undermining system, and the enemy is good at that, and will not leave any stone unturned in order to accomplish it.

MRS. BROADARM. I understand the general idea, as you refer to it; but I don't know as I grasp the details.

DORRWELL. It is much like understanding the combination of the lock system. When the combination is thoroughly understood the details readily fall into line. Napoleon, for example, well illustrates the detail. You remember how he was worked up to the front. Some simple persons think that such men, unaided and alone, work themselves to the front. This is a delusion. There is

always some agent back of them. They only perform the part—as an actor might play a part on the stage. They always begin by making the poorer classes think that they are their friend—a friend who would lead them out of the wilderness of despair in which they are confined. They berate the rich, the powerful, and even attack Church as well as State. The knowing ones wink at it. They know that all this talk is for effect, and when the proper time comes it will be repudiated—like a valueless check at the bank. Do you remember what one of his generals—Audereau—said, (and he was evidently an honest man, who had gone into the war with confidence in Napoleon,) that he really meant to be a deliverer, not only to France, but to the world. When he had reached the pinnacle of his fame, you remember, he gave a great *fête*, wherein he took the character of a Roman Cæsar. Audereau was disgusted and disappointed at the turn of affairs, and he remarked that all that was necessary to make this thing complete was the ghosts of the men to arise who sacrificed so much in order to put this thing down. Yes, that is the way the tyrants work: always in the dark; just as the other Napoleon worked—all on the basis of the name “Napoleon.” France to-day would be better off if they had never been born.

Mrs. BROADARM. Was not Napoleon I really a great man, laboring under adverse conditions?

DORRWELL. I do not see in him the wonderful talent with which he is credited. His allies were ever working for him. To overthrow and to destroy was their motto. Instead of Napoleon acting alone, he was merely a figurehead. Then look at Napoleon III. It is no wonder that the German power overcame France. The real enemies were within the lines, rather than outside of them. The war was long prepared for on the part of Germany. On the part of the Emperor of the French, it was how to let the enemy in, not how to keep him out. In these two Napoleons there is a grand object lesson. If we, as a nation of freemen and women, are ever destroyed, it will be by some such process. Some man will be worked up to the front, and he will be the “finest, truest man God ever made.” He will fight the battles of the weak against the strong, and the people, having confidence in him, will trust him, and admire his boldness. As in the case of Napoleon I, they will condone and even overlook many things. The effort, as in France, will be to make the Republic out to be a failure. Brutal men, as the decoys of Napoleon III, will be rushed to the front, and kept there, until the mighty deliverer (!) rises, and in a dramatic manner strikes them down. And then some Ashlyne rushes into print with his condemnation of the Republic. “Give me an Empire, and make Napoleon B. Smith—Brown—or Jones—Emperor—Emperor for life. We are all tired of this mushroom government called a Republic!” Do you understand? This is

the general plan by which tyrants of all ages have worked, and, up to date, quite successfully.

MRS. BROADARM. I think that I understand the subject as never before, and I more readily comprehend what Moses Tobey and Elizabeth Bowen mean by the term "undermining of our institutions." May God ever speed the right! Then the Psalmist of old well understand these men and their work; no one describes them and their contemptible work better than he.

DORRWELL. As we received the inheritance from our forefathers, may we hand it down to future generations. To be forewarned is to be forearmed.

MRS. BROADARM. The choir will now sing.

[Music:]

Let every heart rejoice and sing,
 Let choral anthem rise,
~~The~~ reverent men and children bring
 To God your sacrifice;
 For He is good, the Lord is good,
 And kind are all His ways,
 With songs and honors sounding loud,
 The Lord Jehovah praise,
 While the rocks and the rills,
 While the vales and the hills,
 A glorious anthem raise—
 Let each prolong
 The grateful song,
 And the God of our fathers praise—
 And the God of our fathers praise.

He bids the sun to rise and set,
 In heaven His power is known;
 And earth subdued to Him shall yet
 Bow low before His throne;
 For He is good, the Lord is good,
 And kind are all His ways.
 With songs and honors sounding loud,
 The Lord Jehovah praise,
 While the rocks and rills, etc.

MRS. BROADARM. We have labored with the rest, and all have labored. Our fathers and mothers labored before us. We received a priceless heritage, and this heritage it is our grand desire to transmit to the future, unimpaired—improved, if anything—that future generations shall have the benefit of these labors on behalf of "Holy America."

ISAAC P. NOYES,
 WASHINGTON, D. C., July, 1903.

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